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\$50 A DAY FOR WHAT?



FIFTY DOLLARS a day is pretty good pay. The men in New York who would not be glad of a job at these wages are very few. Further considering that the \$50 is paid for a five-hour working day, the attractions of such a position are many.

The Catskill condemnation commissions have so far afforded thirty-six of these \$50 a day jobs, and the appointment of each new commission makes three jobs more. By taking the railroad ride from New York to Kingston one evening, holding a session at the Ulster County Courthouse the next day, and returning to New York the next morning, three \$50 days, besides railroad fare, hotel bill and other travelling expenses, are easily incurred at the city's expense.

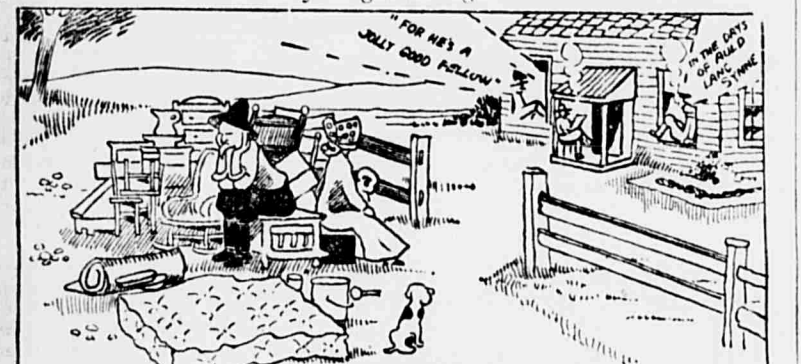
This form of charity should be better distributed. It may be excusable that Mayor McClellan should get for his private counsel in the recount proceedings one of these jobs. The recount litigation is expensive and there is no more convenient fund from which to help eke out the counsel fees.

But De Lancey Nicoll has a profitable law practice and should be able to support his own brother. George L. Rives had a large salary when he was Corporation Counsel, and if he needs help in maintaining a brother some lower-priced job might be found.

As to Justice Ingraham's son, a commissionership is a good way to break him in preparatory to a seat on the bench, and former Judge Alton B. Parker's nephew will find his commissionership similarly valuable.

As for the assemblymen, ex-assemblymen, former judges, surrogates' sons and the like, \$50 a day is pretty high pay for them. An Assemblyman's salary is only \$15 a day, computed on a 100 day session, and a full-fledged Justice of the Supreme Court in the rural counties draws only \$7,200 a year for salary and expenses.

Maybe if the salary was \$10 a day instead of \$50 the commissioners would be in more of a hurry to get through.

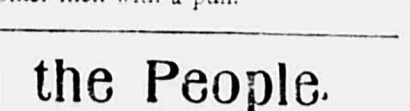


As it is, farmers who have been evicted from their homes are forced to sell out to the land option ring to get the money on which to live. For property taken for use of the engineers, Catskill guards and other water officials months ago, no money has yet been paid. Most of these property owners are men of small means, with families, dependent on farming and keeping summer boarders for a livelihood. Without some payment at least on account of their property they are living on the kindness of friends and the charity of relatives.

So far the condemnation proceedings have cost more than the property owners have received. This does not concern the land option ring but rather helps it, because the interest dates from the time of eviction, and the longer the delay in payment the lower cash terms can the land speculators and the option ring force upon the property owners.

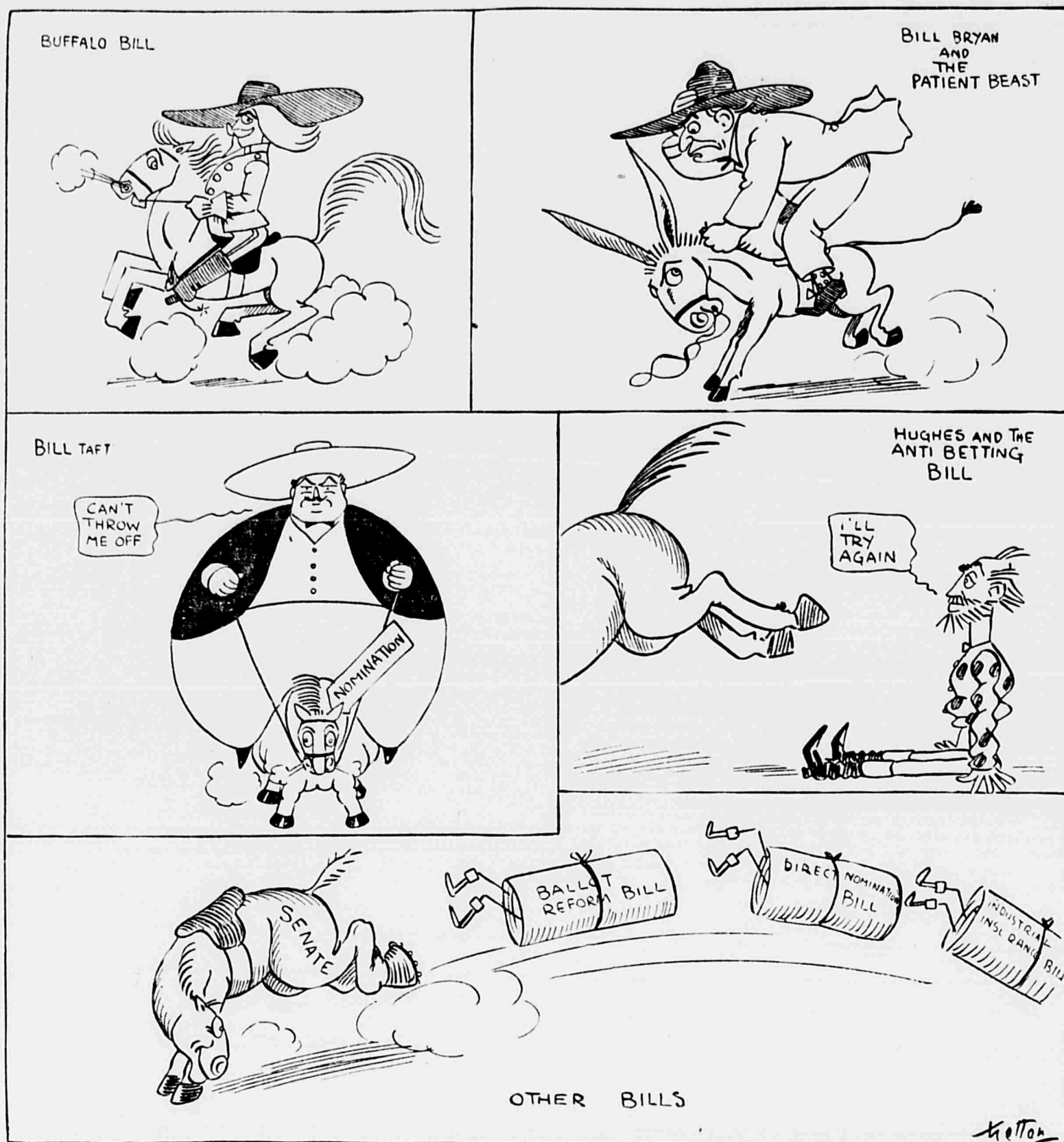
It is unfortunate that Mayor McClellan removed Corporation Counsel Ellison, because otherwise these condemnation expenses might not have so run riot.

It is also rather late for a special assistant Corporation Counsel now to protest that the condemnation expenses "will easily be over 50 per cent. of the amount paid for the property," after the commissioners have been appointed and after jobs have been provided for scores of politicians, politicians' relatives and other men with a pull.



Buffalo Bill and Other Bills.

By Maurice Ketten.



No Matter What the Topic Your Wife May Start on, Says Mr. Jarr, the Conversation's Sure to Wind up With a Roast of the Husband

By Roy L. McCordell.



"MR. KITTINGLY had a lovely time at the Gotham Club last night," said Mrs. Jarr. "She showed me the program; it must have been very interesting. They had songs and music appropriate to an April evening, suggesting rain, tears, sea & rivers, lakes, tracks, seas and waves."

"Rather watery, don't you think?" asked Mr. Jarr. "Did they discuss the Catskill reservoirs that are going to cost us three hundred million dollars?"

"That I don't know," said Mrs. Jarr, "but I guess not. This was all poetry—waves, oceans, rain, tears."

"It must have been jolly," said Mr. Jarr, interrupting her, "especially the 'seas.' Everybody cried, I suppose, because they had to pay 50 cents to get in."

"Mr. Dabs, the painter, was just lovely. He talked on art, and the man who invented smogless powder."

"Face or foot?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Now, don't interrupt me," said Mrs. Jarr. "You always sneer at the higher deities. This was gunpowder, and in his honor they served gunpowder tea. Wasn't that cute?"

"Face or foot?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Now, don't interrupt me," said Mrs. Jarr. "Why didn't you go?"

"Because those club women make me tired," said Mr. Jarr. "It's the same crowd everywhere you go, the same little bunch. I've got other things to attend to besides paying my good money to be patronized by a lot of silly old."

"No young and pretty ones?" asked Mr. Jarr. "Why not?"

"Because the young and pretty women have too much sense," said Mrs. Jarr. "I do declare that I don't know what's got into the grandmas of New York! There are the ones that are consulting the palmists and fortune tellers and reading 'Three Weeks.' So far as the women of New York are concerned, it's a case of young heads on old shoulders."

"Maybe they're right," said Mr. Jarr. "When you get a little along in years you commence to think maybe you have missed having a good time, so you hurry in to enjoy it before it is too late."

"Oh, that's what you think, do you?" said Mrs. Jarr. "Now I know why you act the way you do! But don't you think you have had your fling, don't you think it is time to settle down and let the young men have the fun?"

"You have had a pretty good time. I've heard your mother say that you were one of the worst boys, and you were rather wild as a young man, too. So I don't see why if you married you didn't settle down! It's about time."

"Hold on there, lady! You are addressing strange words to a staid and sober citizen," said Mr. Jarr. "Where will you find another husband so bridle wise, so sure to stand without hitching? Anyway, why bring me into this discussion? You were saying that dear old grandmother is getting very girlish these days. I say hurrah for grandma!"

"I never knew you to wax so enthusiastic over the charms of the mature," said Mrs. Jarr coolly. "I never heard of you rushing to Old Ladies' Homes on visiting day with a bunch of old-fashioned posies."

"And you don't hear of me attending commencements with bouquets of violets and lilies of the valley for the sweet girl graduates, either," said Mr. Jarr.

"I don't hear of a good many things you do," said Mrs. Jarr coolly. "I'm the last person to learn such things, and maybe it is just as well."

"Gee whizz!" said Mr. Jarr angrily. "Can't you start any discussion without dragging me into it and descending upon my shortcomings real and imaginary—but mostly imaginary?"

"Of course I do, aren't all men that way?" said Mrs. Jarr.

"You bet they are!" said Mr. Jarr, now thoroughly exasperated.

"Oh, come now, you don't mean that one bit, do you dear?" said Mrs. Jarr in alarm. But Mr. Jarr declared he did, and it took a whole lot of coaxing to get him to finally admit he was only joking.

"I don't pretend I'm so good," replied the martyr. "But I can't see why it is that if you start any topic from April Evenings to Grandmothers it all ends up with a roast for me! I don't talk to you that way!"

"You have no occasion to," said Mrs. Jarr. "I behave myself."

"I can't say a word one way or another," continued Mr. Jarr, nursing his grievance. "If I say anything the least bit out of the way when you get me mad, you are sure I mean every word; if I speak kindly then you're sure I don't mean it!"

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The Story of The Presidents

By Albert Payson Terhune

NO. 17. JOHN TYLER—The President Who Was Not Elected.

Tenth President (1790-1862).—Long, wedgeshaped face. Huge, low-set ears, crooked mouth. Deep-set, dark eyes; long wavy hair. Thin neck, angular figure.

THE eleven-year-old son of a Virginia Judge was tired of being whipped. His schoolmaster, John McMurdo, beat him unmercifully on every possible occasion. So the boy—John Tyler—stirred his schoolmates to revolution. Next time McMurdo called Tyler up to the desk to be flogged, the lad leaped at the master's throat. At this signal every other boy in the room flung himself on McMurdo, bearing the astonished teacher to the floor by sheer weight of numbers. Then Tyler and the rest tied the man hand and foot, rolled him into a corner of the schoolroom, went out and locked the door, leaving him there. And there the unfortunate McMurdo stayed till night, when a passerby along the lonely country road heard his groans and set him free. McMurdo hurried to Judge Tyler, father of the little ringleader, with his grievance. All the satisfaction the Judge would give him was to repeat Virginia's motto, "Sic Semper Tyrannis!" ("So be it always to tyrants!")

After he left school, John Tyler went through William and Mary College, where, like Jefferson, he divided his time pretty evenly between study and violin playing. He took a law course and mastered it so quickly that he was admitted to the bar in 1809, when only eighteen years old. Of our first ten Presidents, eight were lawyers. Of the whole twenty-six, the lawyers number nineteen. At twenty-one Tyler was a member of the Virginia Legislature and at once made his presence felt; there by a line of aggressive conduct more or less in keeping with his earlier dealings with the luckless McMurdo. At twenty-three he married and a week or two later went to war, as captain of militia. His regiment's duties consisted in guarding Richmond, Va., from British attack. As the British showed no signs of marching on Richmond, Tyler returned, after one month's service, to his legislative work.

Three years later he went to Congress. There he joined the faction that believed in strict obedience to the Constitution. In this cause he continued to fight for his principles, and a little later won notice by opposing a bill to raise Congressmen's salaries from \$6 a day (during the active session) to \$1,500 a year. The Congress was not so lucrative an office then as under the present rates of \$7,500 a year and mileage. Then arose the slavery question. Missouri wished admission to the Union. One party wanted it admitted as a Slave State. Others fought this plan. Tyler won notoriety by arguing fiercely against the continuance of slavery, and, at the same time, against limiting it to any particular States. He declared it unfair that Virginians should keep slaves when Missourians and residents of other new States could not. The debate brought Tyler rather sensationally into the public eye.

In 1825 he was elected Governor of Virginia and unanimously re-elected for a second term. Thence he was sent to the United States Senate by the narrow majority of 115 to 110. He had already clashed more than once with President Jackson, but in 1832 supported "Old Hickory" for a second term as "the least objectionable" of the several candidates. Yet when the "force bill" (giving Jackson powers of dictator for enforcing the tariff law) came up in the Senate, and passed by a vote of 32 to 1, Tyler was the one man who stood out against it. His former clashes with Jackson were thus resumed, and they continued for years.

In 1836, when Harrison first ran for President against Martin Van Buren, the "States' rights" faction nominated Hugh White for President with Tyler for Vice-President. This ticket, like Harrison's, was defeated by the Democrat, Van Buren. But in 1840, when Van Buren came up for a second term, the Whigs nominated Harrison and Tyler, and the ticket went through with a rush. Hardly had Harrison been in office a month when he died. Tyler, without being elected to it, thus succeeded to the Presidency of the United States. The whole country was amazed at the political situation thus brought about. Never before in the nation's history had a President died in office (four have since done so) and up to that time the possibility of a Vice-President succeeding to a dead Chief Executive's seat was a thing unheard of. Our new country was having a new experience. Incidentally, Tyler's troubles were beginning.

Henry Clay was the recognized leader of the Whigs. He and Harrison had already quarrelled over governmental policy. Tyler opposed Clay's ideas. Clay, for instance, announced that the "National bank" would be the Administration's chief object. Tyler did not see it that way, and fresh quarrels arose. Clay declared:

"Tyler dare not resist. I will drive him before me!"

But he had underestimated his man. Tyler resisted. In consequence there was a dangerous split in the Whig party. The Whig newspapers and Clay's followers abused Tyler roundly. Many plainly hinted that he was betraying his party. The whole Cabinet (except Daniel Webster, Secretary of State), resigned in a body. A new one was appointed. From then on it was open war between the rival executive branches.

Congress opposed the President. Tyler retaliated by vetoing some of Congress's pet bills. Old John Quincy Adams denounced one of these vetoes as tyrannical and hinted at impeaching Tyler. Wild threats of assassination filled the air. Clay, in the Senate, suggested that the President resign. Webster was at last bullied into leaving the Cabinet. Altogether, the whole administration was one long series of bitter, undignified wrangles. Yet in adjusting financial matters, in the plans for annexing Texas, in the negotiating of our first treaty with China, and in helping Western pioneering, Tyler did his country great and lasting service.

Leaving the Presidency in 1845, he retired to private life. The story is still told in Virginia how his neighbors sought then to humiliate the ex-Chief Executive by electing him roadmaster, and how Tyler not only accepted, but promptly gave the district such splendid roads as had never before been seen there. Tyler's last public act was to seek to bridge the breach between North and South in 1861. Failing, he accepted a seat in the Confederate Congress, but died early in 1862 before he could assume his duties there.

Missing numbers of this series may be obtained on application by sending a one-cent stamp for each article to "The Evening World Circulation Department."

Reflections of a Bachelor Girl.

By Helen Rowland

MAN will knock another man down, just to prove he's a perfect gentleman. Of course women should marry; no home is complete without a husband any more than it is without a cuckoo clock or a cat.

When a husband accuses his wife of having married him for his income, he doesn't know what a tribute he is paying to her common sense. There is nothing so good for the health of conjugal love as a matrimonial vacation now and then.

No man can understand why a woman shouldn't prefer a good reputation to a good time.

The saddest thing about married life is the opportunity it gives two otherwise agreeable people for telling one another the disagreeable truth.

Marrying an old bachelor is like buying second-hand furniture. Don't worry for fear you may freeze a man's love out; the colder the wind you blow upon it, the higher you fan the flames.

It's when the game is getting a trifle stale that a man begins to feel conscientious qualms about flirting with a woman.

Making pink tea for a man on a pleasant afternoon is quite different from making black coffee for him on a rainy morning.

Always try to make a husband happy; but don't try to make him laugh when he's shaving.

If the knot in the marriage tie were only a slip-knot!

Story Germs for Writers.

A STORY germ to order for from \$2 to \$10 sounds interesting, doesn't it? That is the exclusive business of an old story writer living in one of Chicago's suburbs. This man supplies writers with ideas and plots for anything from an article on bricklaying to a novel of the length of "Vanity Fair." The business is original with the man and his service is well patronized even by the best of our writers, who generally are believed to furnish their own plots. He sells strong story plots to the first class of writers and buys them from the second class of course, personally manufacturing a great many of them. He turns out four or five plots a day. Finished stories bring anywhere from \$30 to \$500.

Gastronomy in Milan.

SINCE old classic days Milan, Italy, has been noted for the love its people have for good food. It is one of their chief conversational topics to-day. The common people love sweets, so that they always have candy with them, and drivers leave their teams in the streets to go in and get an ice cream.

Public banquets in renaissance times grew in popularity. Patrician family festivals, marriage feasts, etc., were celebrated in public and at fresco. Each trade had its favorite eating place.

Letters from the People.

Bronx Dogs.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Referring to the recent letter concerning the licensing of dogs, I beg to say that cats are very few in number in New York compared to the thousands of dogs that infest this town, and cats are usually quiet. They are also peaceful and harmless. But the dogs! Their barking is never out of one's ears, in the Bronx day or night. Besides, they are very dangerous and annoying. Their bite is poisonous—they are mad. Save the cats and kill the dogs, is my wish. PHILADELPHIA.

Sale of the House.

To the Editor of The Evening World: If \$4,800 represents a profit of 5 per cent. on what the house cost, then \$4,800 is 16 per cent. of the cost. Then \$4,800 times 20 are \$96,000 as the cost of the house including the \$50 for repairs. The house must be bought for \$4,800-40 or \$4,560. SAMUEL.

Women in Business.

To the Editor of The Evening World: A reader asks if there is any job held down by a woman in the business world that a man could not fulfil as well or better? Forty-two years of experience as a business man leads me to say "No!" I am not a cynic. Nor do I underestimate women. They are all right. But, as a worker, the average man is better than the average woman. The cleverest man is better in business than the cleverest woman. I may be wrong in these statements, but they are based on long experience. Women

are tyrants in business, and men fear them worse than they fear Jim Jeffries. That is why I dare not sign this except confidentially. My four stenographers and my secretary would be furious. NASSAU STREET.

Vermin Destroyers.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Some one asks: "Is there any sane reason for having stray cats in our streets?" After a long, dear friend there is a very substantial reason for it, for there is probably no greater benefactor to the inhabitants of our city than the stray cat on the fence. Our sewers are clogged with rats, but the cats keep them in the sewers. A rat will not venture out if there is a cat around. Take the cats away, and soon this voracious vermin will come out and swarm over our houses. One single walk in the late evening or early morning along our river fronts will convince you of the truth of this statement. Rather than allow the poor cats to be killed and the remaining 1 cent to be a blessing to us. GUSTAVE.

The Board Problem.

To the Editor of The Evening World: A correspondent asks: "How can a man cover an excavation 12 by 12 feet by cutting into two pieces a board 16 by 8 feet?" Here is my solution: Four feet from end cut crosswise 3 feet, or 8 feet longwise 4 feet to the center, or 8 feet from either end. Then crosswise in center 3 feet, lengthwise 4 feet, and, finally, crosswise 4 feet from opposite end, the remaining 4 feet to the opposite side of the board. I. C. HOWE.

Reddy the Rooter.

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By George Hopf

